Fellowship in Prayer

"For a world united in prayer"

"To pray together, in whatever tongue or ritual, is the most tender brotherhood of hope and sympathy that man can contract in this life."

— Mme. de Stael

Volume XV **DECEMBER 1964** Number 6

OUR PURPOSE

To promote the practice of prayer among ALL religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

CONTENTS

Illumination	*Harry Halsey Starrett*	1
Editorial: A Time for Healing		2
Gift of the Christmas Tree	*Zelma S. Dennis*	6
Christmas Eve	*Elizabeth Searle Lamb*	7
The God To Whom We Pray	*Roy Wallace Thomas*	8
The Kingdom of God	*Mark Halpern*	11
How Peace Came	*Edith Daisy Barnum*	15
At the Heart and Core	*Alice M. Swaim*	17
Love	*Aarno Davidson*	18
The Better Way	*Emily S. Councilman*	19
The Kalmuks		20
Liberty Has No New Way of Dying	*William Walter DeBolt*	24
Prayer for a Friend		24
Why I Am Not a Christian	*Deane William Ferm*	25
Blessings	*Paul H. Dyal*	32
A Venture in Fellowship		33
Notices and Comments		34

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

22 East 29th Street New York 16, N.Y.

Volume XV December 1964 Number 6

ILLUMINATION

The Hope of the World

The world needs, more than anything else, *illumination*, to dispel the darkness of ignorance which is the cause of all of man's troubles.

The darkness which man walks in is his own shadow, caused by turning his back on *the light*. He who faces and walks in *the light*, knows no darkness.

God grant that all the peoples of the earth, may join together in one common prayer, using as the text of this prayer, the first command given by God when He created the world—"*Let there be light.*"

When *the light that lighteth the world*, illumines the hearts of men, they will see all things in *the light of truth* and through *truth* they will find freedom. In freedom they will be able to use, to their fullest, the talents God endowed them with, bringing them into the fulness of life. Then and not until then, will "peace on earth, good-will toward men" be gloriously fulfilled.

"I came a light into the world, that, whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness." (John 12:46)

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." (Matthew 5:16)

— Harry Halsey Starrett

EDITORIAL

A TIME FOR HEALING

Possibly at no moment in the history of man have circumstances been more propitious than now for the healing of wounds that have scarred the surface of this speck of animal, vegetable and mineral as it spins inexorably through time and space. That thought—though admittedly one conveying the ultimate in optimism—dominates all others as this year of Our Lord 1964 approaches its end.

The devices of man provide a utility tool called a "calendar" which is quite handy; the presence of various seasons commands a variety of thoughts—the beginning of a year for new beginnings... spring for the beauty of new growth...summer, the vitality and strength of ripeness and maturity...fall and the start of winter, reflection on things accomplished—and opportunities missed. The end of the year presents the special occasion for analysis of past happenings and thoughts of future action.

If then, the contention is posed that the ultimate opportunity of mankind at the instant is to move toward healing, it is important to find basis for the statement in events as they have taken place and also as they open doors to the future.

No event of the recent past is more significant than that complexity of developments which most easily can be summarized as: mankind's move toward rapprochement. While there are manifestifations of rapprochement in political, social and economic spheres, the overriding and encompassing aspect has been religious—the fact that in religions of all hues there are signs not only of new tolerance toward each other, but of more importance, a seeming intensified new recognition among men that if there is a uniform way to understanding and

brotherhood—while still retaining our own individual modes of worship-it is through prayer. The universality of prayer-communion with God stands above and beyong our individual or sectarian differences.

Such *healing* among religions (and consequently, a healing of differences in socio-politico-economic spheres) is now started, and it is of ultimate importance that we seek in our petitions the wisdom and strength for continued individual and group desire to further advance the coming-together now underway. Only through such mass spiritual action can the powerful forces of godless atheism be met and overcome.

Much has been said in these columns and the pages of most religious journals in recent months and years about the events taking place at the Roman Catholic Second Vatican Council in Rome. Such emphasis is understandable; the actions at Rome speak importantly not only to members of the Catholic community but to all men.

In the Christian search for ways to heal the breach that has for centuries split Christ's church, the Vatican Council constitutes a momentous step forward. Many obstacles remain, but Catholics and non-Catholics alike are ever more dedicating themselves to the mutual search for solutions.

Likewise—because it is happening within a Church which for so long lived within its own walls—the fact that the bishops at the Vatican Council have declared their hope for new dialogue with Jews and other non-Christians is of supreme importance.

The Catholic declaration on Jews and non-Christians received an overwhelming vote of approval in the closing days of the third session of the Council and it appears certain that it will be finally passed and promulgated at the next session. In addition to deploring the charge that the Jews alone can be held responsible for the crucifixion of Christ, the declaration specifically urges a new openness among Catholics (and many other Christians would accept the calling) to "converse and collaborate with the followers of other religions in order to serve—

indeed, advance—those spiritual and moral goods as well as those sociocultural values that have a home among men of other religious traditions."

A summary of the Vatican Council document contains other statements which should find wide agreement among not only Catholics but men of many religions. While remaining ceaselessly true to the proclamation that Christ is "the way, the truth and the life," sections of the document state:

"Ever since primordial days, numerous peoples have had a certain perception of that hidden power which hovers over the course things and over the events that make up the lives of men. Some have even come to know of a Supreme Being and Father. Religions in an advance culture have been able to use more refined concepts and a more developed language in their struggle for an answer to man's religious questions. In Hinduism, men use myths and philosophical ways in the effort to fathom the divine mystery. They seek freedom from the anguish of our human condition through ascetical methods, meditation and a flight to God. Buddhism realizes the radical inadequacy of this changeable world. It teaches the way of liberation through self-denial and inner purification in order to obtain a state of lasting rest. Other religions counter the restlessness of the human heart by proposing ways—that is to say, doctrines, rules of life and sacred rites....

"The (Catholic) Church regards with sincere reverence those ways of action and life, precepts and teachings which, although they differ from the ones she sets forth, reflect nonetheless a ray of that truth which enlightens all men...."

And in a specific section on Moslems: "Though Moslems do not acknowledge Jesus as God, they revere Him as a prophet. They also honor Mary, His Virgin Mother. At times they even call on her with devotion. They await the Day of Judgment when God will reward all those who have risen. They worship God through prayer, almsgiving and fasting. They seek to make the moral life—be it that of the individual or that of the family and society—conforming to His Will."

There *is* a "time to heal," and that time is now....

Technological advances alone make it mandatory that we know, understand—and love—our brother, else this whirling sphere is destined to split asunder. We live too close together—present transportation and communications facilities have shrunk the globe to neighborhood size—to do less.

But, of course, technological reasons for brotherhood are not sufficient in themselves. They are a means to an end. The demand for mutual understanding and love comes from above. Those of us who are Christians at this season praise God for the wondrous gift of His Son and pray in gratitude for His sacrifice, for us. In the coming Week of Prayer for Christian Unity (January 18-25, an event sponsored by the World Council of Churches and joined by Catholics through simultaneous celebration of their Chair of Unity Octave) it is hoped that mass prayer will be said not only for the healing of Christendom but the ultimate bringing together of all mankind under the One God.

God looks not at
Oratory of our prayers
How eloquent they are
Nor at their Geometry
How long they are
Nor at their Arithmetic,
How many they are;
Nor at the Logic
How methodical they are;
But he looks at the sincerity of the Prayer
How Spiritual they are;
Talk not of good life
But
Let thy Good life talk.

— From THE INDIAN MESSENGER

THE GIFT OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Zelma S. Dennis

EACH YEAR as I view the store windows and homes decorated with the new sparkling aluminum trees I remember my childhood and a very different tree which came to hold a very special significance in my life.

During the depression years Christmas often was not so merry. Our little family had always had a real Christmas tree, but this particular year the money was not available, so we went to the five-and-ten cent store and purchased an artificial tree made of wire and paper. It was certainly nothing to get excited about. Its limbs stuck straight out and held funny little tufts of nondescript green paper. Truly, it was almost worse than no tree at all.

However, we were determined to keep the spirit of Christmas alive and we bravely decked the tree with gaily colored ornaments and lights. But something was missing. As each day passed I found it more difficult to accept this commercial tree in place of my beloved pine. And I avoided looking at it because it was such a travesty.

One day near Christmas when our spirits had ebbed very low, there came a knock at the door and an expressman brought to us a huge freshly cut pine tree, so tall that we had to trim its top to let it stand upright. It fairly filled the room with its fragrant scent, its full bushy boughs outstretched like fingers to hold us close to its green magic heart. It was from my aunt who lived in the North. We were overjoyed and quickly hung our few ornaments and lights and tinsel upon the branches. As sparse as the decorations were they seemed to emanate a glow from every twinkling branch.

We cried and laughed together and the wondrous presence of this Christmas gift from the great North woods worked its miracle within our

lives. The pine-scent overpowered everything in the room and all we saw was the living tree, the gift of creative God to our hearts.

No Christmas will ever come and go when I will place upon a pine-sweet bough a sparkling ornament but what I don't give thanks for the great loving gift of God, the Christ-child whose birthday this dear tree symbolizes for all the world.

CHRISTMAS EVE

Tonight I look
Beyond the night-sky stars
To see a star
More lustrous, shining.

Tonight I hear,
Back through centuries,
An angel choir,
A dove's coo, a baby's cry.

Tonight, ancient mystery
And modern miracle;
Christ is reborn
Here within my heart.

— Elizabeth Searle Lamb

THE GOD TO WHOM WE PRAY

Roy Wallace Thomas

Where is God? What is He like? Such questions must be answered before we can pray intelligently. The other day I picked off my desk a notable book I had planned to read soon. It was written by one of the most profound preachers of our day—a Quaker who through his long life was a great inspiration to men like Harry Emerson Fosdick. The title of the first chapter intrigued me at once: "Where is God?" The book was an anthology of Rufus Jones' writings edited by Fosdick.

I sat with the book in my hand, going back in memory to the moment in early boyhood when I had my first lesson in flat-earth theology. Our cottage had burned down and we were living on the first floor of my grandfather's two-story residence, awaiting the completion of our new home. My grandfather's family lived on the second floor.

I was always asking questions. One day I burst out, "Mama, where is God?" I did not know how difficult my question was. My mother silently pointed her finger upward. That was the answer she had heard from the preachers of the time. My active imagination instantly pictured a good man, like my grandfather, a lay Baptist preacher, with a saintly face and long patriarchal beard, whom I had often seen sit with his open Bible before him in the room above us. So, I thought, God is up there, and He looks like my grandfather, who was truly a good man.

Soon we moved into a new cottage. One evening, as it grew dark, my brother and I spiritedly chased each other over the lawn. A glance at the cloudless sky brought me to a standstill, gazing at the brilliant stars. I grew excited with the thrill of discovery. I could see through those holes in the sky into heaven where God is. Overjoyed, I dashed breathlessly into the house. "Mama," I shouted, "there are holes in the sky and I can see right through to where God is. Come and see!"

The idea amused my mother and she burst into a hearty laugh.

A dash of cold water could not have produced the shock I felt. I dropped my head. So, I was mistaken. There were no holes in the sky. I could not see into heaven after all. I could see no glint of angels' wings. I can still sense my bitter disappointment.

Slowly, during the years, my ideas of God and heaven changed. I abandoned the flat-earth theology. I stopped trying to picture God. But I never made the mistake of throwing God away with the crude notions born in boyhood. I refused to do in thinking what some philosophers have called "throwing out the baby with the bath." I never had trouble with doubt. I kept faith. I knew that whenever I could not see or understand, the difficulty was in my finiteness. I found in prayer the help of *the God who is greater than we can ask or think.*

I regard Jesus of Nazareth and the author of the Gospel According to John, with Paul closely following, as the greatest thinkers of literature. Their words are simple but profound. They present enough vital answers to live by when, like travelers in a strange land, we must pause at times to get our bearings. They show that Jesus did not come to displace God but to *reveal Him.* Jesus in the flesh could be located by the compass, but not God. One of the most significant sayings in the Bible is Jesus' words, *"My Father is greater than I."* (John 14:28).

Evolution is the sincere scientist's way of telling how God works in the world of physical force and matter. The gospels tell how God works in the realm of spirit, which is the *real* universe. Jesus taught that the God of prayer is Spirit. He is more real than the physical universe. Like Jesus, our dwelling in the flesh is temporary because we are spirit. Prayer is the active contact between spirit and Spirit. The God of faith and prayer is everywhere. He is both transcendent, greater than all the universes, and immanent, a living presence within us, so near that "in Him we live and move and have our being."

Is God personal? He cannot be less than personal. Yet, He is greater than a person in that He has, to an infinite degree, every personal quality.

I get a jolt whenever I hear a man stress "intercessory prayer,"

meaning to intercede with God to get our way. What kind of God is he thinking of that finite man can inform Him, and when in need must *beg* Him for help? God does not need to be interceded with, but *we* do. The place for intercession is in the worship preceding prayer. We need to intercede with our own weak selves in order to truly pray.

Meditation, which is thoughtful reverence and adoration, is a part of the preparation for real prayer. This is more than "asking," which is prayer on the childlike or primitive level. Prayer as commitment is an act of manhood on the highest level. It opens the inner self to the God who renews, strengthens, illumines, creating the highest experience possible—the *joy* of Jesus. The perfect prayer of surrender was born of Jesus' need in the garden: *"Not my will, but Thine, be done."* (Luke 22:42) The result was the deep calm of triumph.

The prayer of commitment is very personal. No other person, no praying group, can do it for us. We only can do it. God Himself cannot make that prayer for us in our stead, without impairing the freedom He gave us in the creation. It is, therefore, best made in secret and in silence, but always in earnest. It is best worded incisively, and in making it effectual by being certain of surrender, it may be repeated rather than lengthened, as Jesus prayed in the garden. (Matt. 26: 39-44). It can do for us what it did for Him.

But our praying must be kept up to date. When I was a student my pastor told me of a young preacher who was entertained together with an older preacher at a convention. When bedtime came, the older man knelt beside the bed and after a few minutes arose. The young man knelt by the bed for a long time, then arose with a self-righteous smirk on his face. He rebuked the older man for lack of reverence, who then replied quietly, "I keep prayed up to date."

In creating *God's great society* on earth as in heaven it is good for the devout of all religions to keep prayed *"up to date,"* to the one infinite God we all serve.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

Mark Halpern

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY can truly be called the Century of Human Destiny. Within its turbulent decades have occurred more destructive wars, more mass exterminations of our human brethren, more social and political upheavals, more scientific discoveries, resulting in more testing experiences for the human race as a whole, than in any other century thus far. And yet, if all that were not enough to make it the most eventual and most significant of centuries, it is also the century in which the Christ has assumed rulership over all the kingdoms of the world.

During the last two thousand years, there has been no lack of prophecies and predictions as to the return of the Christ and as to when the Kingdom of God would be established on earth, bringing with it the long awaited Golden Age of the millenium. But the fact of the matter is that once we pierce the veil of our crystallized thoughtforms of memory, conditioned as they are by racial prejudices and religious dogma and solidified by centuries of authoritarian tradition, we behold the Open Door into the Heart and Mind of God. Then it is that we enter into the mighty revelation that the Christ is here *now*, that the Kingdom of God is being established *now;* that *this* day, this *hour*, this very moment is in truth the millenium, notwithstanding that the evanescent play of phenomenal appearance would seem to indicate the contrary. So that now it can indeed be said by all those who sense the Presence of the living Christ as never before, that

> "The government shall be upon His shoulder;
> He shall reign whose right it is to reign—
> And of His Kingdom there shall be no end.
> For the kingdoms of this world are become
> The Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ,
> And He shall reign forever and ever. . . ."

IT IS TRUE THAT the present chaotic world conditions do not

seem to attest to the supreme fact that the Christ is even now the governing head of the kingdoms of this world. The power of His all-embracing Light and Love has not yet entirely dissipated the dense fog of materialistic world-glamour that has for untold ages held back the potent regenerating energies of the higher inner planes of consciousness.

But naught can withstand much longer the ever-increasing irresistible influx of Light and Love from the Flaming Cosmic Heart of the Christ. Never before have such tremendously potent spiritual energies been released to our earth. For never before have there been so many open consecrated Chalices of dedicated souls—souls who never count the cost of their self-sacrifice in bringing to life and maturity the Christ within themselves; knowing that only by such abnegation of the separate little self can they truly be worthy of serving with the Lord of Love for the regeneration of humanity and thus help establish the Kingdom of God here on earth.

The Christ *is here now* and is ready to manifest to humanity in all the dazzling glory of His infinite Light and Love. And when we sense the full glory of His all-pervading Presence, we realize as never before that the Christ, in His Divine Transcendent Consciousness, is *one with God;* and that the Christ, even as is God, is ever present within us. This wondrous realization comes to us when we allow to fall from ourselves all the ancient thoughtforms, all the self-centered crystallized thoughtforms that have held us in bondage throughout the ages by veiling from us the Christ and the God within. Then it is that we enter into the Radiant Life of living spontaneously and rhythmically in the Eternal Now of each present moment; and then it is that we know that *we* are the Christ within, and that as the Christ *we* are one with God.

And in that Christ Consciousness, the last scales of finite time and space and causality fall from our eyes; and we behold the Light of Christ everywhere, at all times; in ourselves, in others, and all about us. And in that Light, we know what the Christ meant when he uttered the word Love, when he said, *"Love God with all your heart, with all your soul, and with all your strength; and love your neighbor as yourself."*

The true meaning of the latter words is not love your neighbor as you love yourself; but love your neighbor as being your own Real Eternal Divine Self, the One Self of the Undying Flame of the One Universal Spirit ever present in all.

NOW WE KNOW the Christ as he *really is:* not as the passive, negative man of sorrows, the lover of pain and suffering; but as the Radiant Dynamic Lover of all that live. Now we know Him as the Tireless Server of all humanity, the Great Healer, the Glorious Inspiring Teacher of Angels and of Mankind, the Mighty Conquering Leader of the Forces of Light, before whose Flaming Irresistible Power of Light and Love, all the glamour of the world, the self-centeredness of materialism and the threat of atomic destruction, disappear as though they never were.

This is the Real Living Christ who is present with us, who taught no creeds, knowing that creeds are the most diabolical bondage of the human soul. This is our Radiant Dynamic Christ, the Lord of Love, who taught the profound Beauty and regenerating Power of Universal Love, the Love that ever beholds the Oneness of all Life, transcending selfish desires for power, wealth, prestige and all self-aggrandizement.

For the only religion the Christ taught, and still teaches, is the dynamic religion of Life itself; the spontaneous living of Life in natural rhythmic creativity from moment to moment, in each present moment, with-being conditioned by crystallized thoughtforms or images of past memories—and without being consumed inwardly by insatiable craving or paralyzing fear concerning transitory objects or conditions in the future. Not to live life—but to let Life, the Eternal Creative Spirit of Life, live *us,* in the utter spontaneity that is the free-flowing characteristic expression of the soul, leading us to Oneness in the true experience of Universal Consciousness.

And now, as the manifestation of the Christ to all humanity draws nigh, we can sense the Radiance of the Lord of Love—and we are aware of the powerful spiritual energies that are being released over all the earth. For the regenerating Presence of the Living Christ is no longer a

thing of the future. It is *now*—in the dimensionless ISness of NOW. We can no longer evade this vitally inspiring truth. Rather, let us face it and make certain that we are not found wanting by the Christ. For He is counting on us all to give to Him, and thus give to all humanity, our *all* and our *best*. And only in such wholehearted giving, can we truthfully and sincerely say:

"We link ourselves through Thee, O Lord of Love,
With those who dwell in love
And with pure intent serve the Kingdom.
To Thee, O Christ, and Thy Living Church
Of dedicated servers throughout the world,
We give the full measure of our days—
All we are, all we shall be.
For so to live is to find Eternity in the midst of time.
So to love is to dwell in Thee, O Christ.
And so to serve is to be Christ-like,
And walk the Lighted Way to the Transfigured Life—
Aye! on to the Radiant Ever-Lighted City of God,
Our True Homeland.
So may it be—and help us to do our part. . . ."

And as we have prayed throughout the centuries during the passing age:

"From the unreal, lead us to the Real;
From darkness, lead us to Light:
From death, lead us to Immortality. . . ."

. . . we now pray further in this dawning New Age:

"From chaos, lead us to Harmony and Beauty:
From individuality, lead us to Universality. . . ."

May we always be found worthy of the high privilege in being used in the furtherance of the Divine Plan for the Glory of the ONE in all.

HOW PEACE CAME

Edith Daisy Barnum

After an illness of several months I came slowly back to life. But it seemed my little world had changed completely since I left it to grope blindly through days of pain and weakness. For in the midst of my sickness, my dear father, who had always seemed so strong, after a few moments of severe pain has slipped away from the cares of this life.

My nephew and bride who came to us on their wedding trip assisted us in many ways till a competent nurse and girl could be found. My brother met bravely and quietly the responsibilities of head of the house. His four-year old motherless son, who had recently recovered from a severe illness, was becoming strong and sturdy. My frail mother met this emergency with courage and control.

But spring came and I failed to thrill to the new life in nature. I was utterly unable to take up any of my old tasks as youngest daughter. It was so hard to concentrate and there was the sensation of groping in the dark. I tried in vain to pull myself together and check the tears, ready to fall at the least provocation.

My condition greatly distressed and depressed me. Even harder than the physical weakness was the spiritual darkness. To my dismay I could not even pray. God seemed far away. I did not realize then that I was yielding to a subtle form of unbelief. Our family doctor who had known me from a child was a great help, a friend. He proposed a plan to which I found it hard to be reconciled—to have an entire change of scene and freedom from all responsibility for a time.

So out to the wonderful prairies of Montana my loved ones sent me in the care of a friend. The last fifty miles from Havre to my sister's homestead we travelled by auto. I felt like one in a dream. It seemed that if I would not get a grip on things in the old familiar home I could never do it in new surroundings. I shrank from meeting strangers or letting my sister see how changed I was.

But the matter had been taken out of my hands so I made the best of it. It seemed good to rest in sister's love, spend long hours in her soft bed and breathe the invigorating air. It seemed a new world had been created for me. Why the very bigness of things was restful! I could look for miles over the level, treeless prairie to the to the distant foothills of the Rockies. There were no tall buildings or even fences to break the view.

After the first feeling of strangeness and loneliness ebbed away I came to love the vastness and wonder of far horizon views and the splendor of reflected sunsets.

Gradually as I rested through long dreamless nights and some days and ate the nourishing food sister prepared, the peaceful atmosphere soothed my troubled spirit and life seemed glad and sweet again.

Beautiful thoughts I had read in the past came to my memory and brought comfort. Often these simple words came to me:

"Absolutely tender! Absolutely true! Understanding all things! Understanding YOU! Infinitely loving! Exquisitely near! This is God our Father. What have we to fear?"

Also, the poem "Too Tired to Pray" helped.

"When you've grown too weary to trust or pray,
When overwrought nature has given way,
Just drop it all and give up to rest,
As you used to do on your mother's breast.
He knows all about it; the dear Lord knows,
So just go to sleep as a baby goes.
God knows when His child is too tired to pray.
He judges not solely by uttered prayer
He knows when the longings of love are there.
He knows you do pray; He knows you do trust
And He knows the limits of poor weak dust.
O the wonderful sympathy of the Christ
For His chosen ones in the midnight tryst
When He bade them sleep on and take their rest
Though on Him the guilt of the whole world pressed!
You've given your life up to Him to keep
Then don't be afraid to go right to sleep!"

These verses in Isaiah were especially precious:

"Hast thou not known? Hast thou not heard?
The everlasting God Jehovah Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not,

neither is weary. He giveth power to the faint and to him that hath no might. He increaseth strength...Fear thou not for I am with thee. I have redeemed thee, called thee by My name. Thou art Mine."

As these words sank into my heart and their truths gripped my soul I found I could pray.

Sister's strong love and faith were an inspiration. I was reminded of words spoken of our Saviour—*"Then Satan departed...and angels came and ministered."*

AT THE HEART AND CORE

Can it be that the God our spirits seek
in the far reaches of the outer air
is quietly waiting at the heart and core
of our deep being—that secret inner room
whose door we rarely open, being involved
with all the traffic of our busy days?

He waits until the hour we grow aware
Of incompleteness and a lack of meaning
In all our fluttering rush and ritual,
until our souls, long starved for grace and glory,
cry out for growth beyond our limited
narrow horizons of development,
our grasping hands let go of lesser toys,
and open to accept his offerings.

— Alice M. Swaim

LOVE

Aarno Davidson

LOVE, the selfless kind, is the alpha and omega of Man's brief sojourn upon this strife-torn planet. Without love we shrivel like plants infested by fungi. With its practical and gentle application we grow as sturdy as cedars of Lebanon—soothing balm for pure hearts.

LOVE is an exquisite crimson rose, blooming within the vast regions of human thought and feeling. It has been planted here from seeds of Elysian floors in order to transpose earth's blatant discords into a tone-poem of beauty and harmony.

LOVE is the sonorous, classical symphony of life which out-drones the clangorous din of prejudice, intolerance and odium. It is the rhyme and rhythm of Nature's audible and visible lyrical ode to seeing eyes and receptive ears.

LOVE is the effulgence of all that is constant, endearing, enduring and emolumental in manifold fashions. It lifts one from tear-drenched caves of murky shadows up to the illuminating thrones of exaltation, outer and inner tranquility.

LOVE is the precision pendulum which swings, in every land and in every climate, to the rhythm of the planets. Though older than creation itself, it is an ever-new song which starts with lullabies at the cradle and lingers on with psalms at the bier, whence loving souls are ascended to

abodes of bliss on wings of eternity.

LOVE, like prayer, is the all-powerful high priest in the temple of Compassion, sanctuary of virtuous men, redeeming victory from every mode of defeatism; the gragrant incense in the sacred shrines of unfailing fraternity for every race, religion or creed.

Only those who understand love's divine principles and weave these principles into the tapestry of benevolent thought, deed and prayer are bringing forth the beacon of Brotherhood not only to the house of God, or the house of Man, but also to the darkest dungeons of human despair. May those Apostles of love thrive and multiply in the enlightened eons ahead!

THE BETTER WAY

Since life has stopped my hurried feet
From running here and there all day,
I've learned through pain and quietness,
To find a better way.

More than dark can fill the night—
God speaks; I've heard Him say,
"You are my child. Accept my love
And see my better way."

I've garnered certain light instead
Of darkened glass, when I could pray
In helplessness, "Not my plans, God,
Show me Your better way."

— Emily Sargent Councilman

THE KALMUKS

The Kalmuks are descendants of a major Mongolian tribe which inhabited Western China and Central Asia. Following the disintegration of the Mongolian Empire (14th and 16th centuries), in order to escape the resulting chaos and bloodshed, the Kalmuks migrated eastward, finally settling on the Russian Steppes between the Don and Volga Rivers. A nomadic people, the Kalmuks dwelled in round Mongol tents and lived from their herds of cattle, camels, horses and sheep. Though their own government eventually became subject to the Czars, they lived at peace with their Russian and Turkish neighbors for three centuries.

For the Kalmuks life under the Czars, though by no means perfect, was relatively good. They were allowed religious and cultural freedom and a high degree of autonomy. All this ceased when the Kalmuks were caught in the bloody crossfire between the Soviet revolutionaries and the Czarist counter-revolutionaries. Their temples were burned,

One of the greatest examples of Sino-Tibetan architecture known to Western experts may soon rise in New Jersey. It is a replica of the Golden Pavilion Temple which was erected at the Chicago World's Fair in 1933 and since then has been disassembled and stored at Oberlin College, Ohio. Last year the Harvard-Yenching Institute offered the temple to the Kalmuk community in the United States and at present a campaign under the chairmanship of the noted author and commentator Lowell Thomas is underway to make it possible to reconstruct the temple. The temple is seventy feet square, has sixty columns supporting a double-tiered roof and reaches a height of sixty-eight feet. Virtually every piece was built in China and transported here. The interior is furnished with priceless tapestries, paintings, sculptures and ikons. Further information about the project may be obtained from the Golden Pavilion Temple Fund, R. D. 3, Box 55, Freewood Acres, New Jersey.

their property and herds confiscated, their religious teachers executed or sent to Soviet concentration camps. Some of the victims succeeded in fleeing but the vast majority had no choice but to remain in their devastated homeland under Communist rule, often forced to practice their Buddhist religion in secret.

During World War II the Kalmuk region, which lies near Stalingrad, was invaded and devastated by the Nazis, who forcibly deported most of the able-bodied males to slave labor camps run by the Gestapo. After the defeat of the Nazis, however, the Kalmuks became the victims of Stalin's paranoia. The Soviet dictator accused those who remained in their homeland of collaboration with the Nazis and deported them to Siberia and Central Asia. (Following Stalin's death, the Soviet Government admitted the injustice of this charge and allowed what was left of the Kalmuks to return to their homeland where the "Kalmuk Republic" was reestablished.)

However, for those Kalmuks who were liberated by the Allies in the slave labor camps, hopelessness and futility prevailed. Because of Stalin's persecution at home, they could not return without facing death or imprisonment. Those liberated by the U. S. armed forces in Germany were confined to gloomy D. P. camps. Because they were considered Asiatics, no country would accept them as immigrants. For six years they lived on the edge of despair until, in 1951, an amendment to the pending immigration law granted them asylum in the United States.

Perhaps no other group of immigrants to America was ever more thankful for this opportunity to start life anew. Almost one thousand Kalmuks came to America, the largest number settling in the community of Freewood Acres, near Farmingdale, New Jersey. Since their arrival in 1951, they have rapidly adopted American customs and language quickly. They are all self-sufficient, having learned such trades as carpentry. farming, business and mechanics. Most own modest homes interspersed throughout the community. Several have entered American universities.

The religion of the Kalmuks is Buddhism and their ethics and

culture are based upon the Buddhist teaching of compassion for all liv-creatures. The Kalmuks follow the Lama school of Buddhism, which originated in Tibet during the 8th Century, A. D., and later spread to Mongolia, China and the Himalayan Kingdoms of Ladak, Bhutan, Negal and Sikkim. Lama-monks, some of whom had made the long and arduous trek to Tibet and devoted many years of study in the monastic and universities, were the revered teachers and spiritual leaders of the Kalmuks. The Lamaists developed a highly sophisticated and intricate culture which included magnificent temples that served as schools, libraries, hospitals and placcs of worship. They also developed their own epic literature and system of writing which they brought with them from Asia.

This form of Buddhism derives its name from the word "Lama" which was an honorary title originally applied to the principal leader in the monastery but eventually was used to designate all priest and monks. The religion is characterized by a large number of complicated rites and a pantheon of gods, divinities, spirits and saints. It was influenced by the Persian, Hindu and native Tibetan religions.

Lamaism was introduced to the Mongols by the Emperor Kubla Khan in the 13th Century, but their interest in the religion died when the Mongols were driven from China. The Mongols were converted to Lamaism for the second time about 1570 when the Dalai Lama made a ceremonial visit to the king of the Tumet Mongola. Thereafter the Kalmuks also also became adherents of Lamaism and carried it with them to Russia and, later, America. The religion reached its peak in China under the patronage of the Manchu Emperor Ch'ien-Lung (1736-1796) who was later deified as the incarnation of the god of wisdom. It was this emperor who built the original Golden Pavilion temple during his reign.

Sharing in America's climate of religious freedom, the Kalmuks have sought to preserve their religious heritage. Shortly after their arrival in New Jersey they converted a small cinderblock garage into a Lamaistic Buddhist temple. As their religious center, the modest temple helped to keep the community together and to preserve their spiritual and cultural values. During the years that followed, six Kalmuk Buddhist monks came

to reside and teach at this temple in Freewood Acres, several of them holding high scholastic degrees from Tibetan universities. The abbot of the temple, who walked the entire distance from the Russian Steppes to Tibet and holds the highest degree obtainable from Lhasa, was appointed to the Temple by the Dalai Lama whom he accompanied during his flight from Tibet to India during the Chinese Communist repression in 1959.

The temple's spiritual guide is His Holiness, Dilowa Hutukhtu, regarded as the last of the great incarnation Lamas from Mongolia. The Dalai Lama's brother made a gift to the temple of a complete set of the Mahayana Buddhist scriptures (108 volumes), which are among the few remaining complete sets in existence since the anti-religious campaigns of the Communists have destroyed most of the others in China, Tibet, Mongolia, and Korea. With the systematic Chinese Communist campaign to destroy the Tibetan religion and culture and the flight of the Dalai Lama in 1959, the Kalmuk center in New Jersey is one of the few remaining repositories of Lamaism in the world and the only one in the Western Hemisphere.

As the Kalmuk community in New Jersey grew, its modest temple became too small to serve the community's needs. Several years ago the Kalmuks began saving money to build a more suitable temple and in 1963 purchased a half-acre adjoining the present temple site in the center of Freewood Acres. Having learned of the Kalmuk's needs and their plan for a new temple, Harvard-Yenching Institute offered to donate to the community the Golden Pavilion temple which is presently dismantled and stored in Oberlin, Ohio.

Father, let me hold Thy hand, and like a child walk with Thee down all my days, secure in Thy love and strength.

— *Thomas a Kempis*

LIBERTY HAS NO NEW WAY OF DYING

William Walter DeBolt

Liberty
has no new way
of dying . . .

Not like a devotee
casting himself
into a sacred river.

Not as an aged king
at last a welcome fire
among cold nobles.

Not after the fashion of a nation
thrown into the empty granary
of captivity—

Only the giant foundling,
the adult of the Hercules ages,
deserted in vales of midnight.

Liberty
has no new way
of dying.

PRAYER FOR A FRIEND

My prayers are with you and for you. You are very dear to me.... and to the Lord and his Mother who never fail us in time of need nor at any time.

I pray that you will have the needed strength to do all you must do. You are so conscientious about everything; but so is the Lord! He will give you the strength no matter what.

It seems difficult not to worry, and to see what is truly there. But regardless of what we seem to see, it is and can be only what God sees. How often we must state the Truth to ourselves and to others! Our minds are so "slippery"! But we and our minds are not big enough to interfere with our own good, nor anyone else's.

His face is ever before us, erasing everything unlike Him.

— *M. B.*

WHY I AM NOT A CHRISTIAN

Deane William Ferm

ONE OF THE MOST controversial men of our time is the noted English philosopher Bertrand Russell. This man, now over ninety years of age, has had a truly remarkable career as a philosopher and mathematician, as a teacher and essayist. In the 1950's he was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature. This past year he has been active in the "Ban the Bomb" movement in England and recently he has made news by announcing the creation of two foundations to work for world peace.

Although Sir Russell is best known and most honored for his contributions in the above-mentioned areas, he is also familiar to us as one of the great heretics of all time in the fields of ethics and religion. His Professorship in Philosophy at the City College of New York was retracted in the 1940's on the grounds that his views concerning male-female relationships were improper. His religious views are equally unorthodox. My interest here in Sir Russell lies in one of his most famous essays, entitled *Why I Am Not A Christian*. Although we cannot fully agree with his attitude toward Christianity and the Church, he does make some strong statements which the Church would do well to consider seriously and face realistically. In his famous essay he makes two charges against the church:

> Religion is based. . .primarily and mainly upon fear. It is partly the terror of the unknown and partly. . .the wish to feel that you have a kind of elder brother who will stand by you in all your troubles and disputes. Fear is the basis of the whole thing—fear of the mysterious, fear of defeat, fear of death. Fear is the parent of cruelty, and therefore it is no wonder if cruelty and religion have gone hand in hand. It is because fear is at the basis of those two things.
>
> You find as you look around the world that every single bit

> of progress in humane feeling, every improvement in the criminal law, every step toward the diminution of war, every step toward better treatment of the colored races, or every mitigation of slavery, every moral progress that there has been in the world has been consistently opposed by the organized churches of the world. I say quite deliberately that the Christian religion, as organized in its churches, has been and still is the principal enemy of moral progress in the world.

These are serious charges. Perhaps Sir Russell has overstated his case. Before we get on the defensive, however, let us take a look at the facts. First, the charge of fear:

I submit that many Christians today believe in God out of fear, that they lead good lives for fear of punishment in a life to come, and that this is true of both Protestants and Roman Catholics. God will punish us if we are not "good." He will send us to hell or at least to purgatory where we will have to be cleansed of our earthly sins. Therefore, it is imperative that we lead a good life and what this is interpreted to mean is that we follow the dictates of our particular church. This practice is not uncommon. Only recently I heard a minister of a Protestant Church tell his congregation that they had better listen closely to what he was saying, for it might make the difference between heaven or hell.

Normally we associate this kind of preaching with the good old days, with someone like Jonathan Edwards and his famous sermon "Sinners in The Hands of An Angry God." Here he uses the illustration of the sinner as like unto a spider about to be consumed by the fire. To be sure, we use today different terminology. Yet fear, however described, is still a basic motive as to why many Christians believe as they do. To be sure, Russell is getting at something larger than fear per se. In a larger context—and he has stated this in other articles and books—he is saying that religious faith is often based upon superstition and ignorance. We know full well that almost anything goes in the name of religion. I shudder when I hear someone say: "What this world needs is more religion" or "Go to Church Sunday; you'll be better off for it." I shudder because I

want to know what *kind* of religion and *what* kind of church. Fear and superstition and ignorance have played and are still playing a large role in the history of the Christian Church.

Second, the charge that the Church is the principal enemy of moral progress: Is not Sir Russel to a significant degree right here also? Witness the Holy Wars, slavery, the inquisition, racial segregation; where do we stop in listing her social sins? In fact, a good case could be made for the charge that the Church has often regarded progress in almost every conceivable realm of experience as heretical. How well we know that the religious heresy of one age becomes the orthodoxy of the next age—down through the centuries—the Church lagging behind. Is this not equally true in the attitude that the Church has taken in scientific areas? A thorough exposition of this thesis can be documented in Andrew White's monumental work *History of The Warfare Between Science and Theology*, a thick volume that illustrates historically the continued resistance of the Church to human progress.

Bertrand Russell has made some serious charges. Before we dismiss them as shallow or extreme, we ought to get down on our knees and and beg forgiveness. But he has made one serious error in his analysis. He has failed to recognize that there are at least two ways of looking at Christianity just as there are at least two sides to every issue. The first way is to evaluate the Christian faith *descriptively*, to examine what Christianity is and has been in all of its various historical manifestations. When one evaluates the Church from this perspective, he sees, as did Russell, a pretty sorry mess. The second way is to understand Christianity the way it *ought* to be—the way the Founder practiced it. When one evaluates the faith from this perspective, he gets quite a different picture. One can get his view of the Church from the way some individuals who call themselves Christians practice it or one can get his view from the way it was intended to be practiced. Let's take a look at Russell's two criticisms in the light of this normative perspective.

First, the charge of fear and ignorance. Christianity ought not to be based on fear and superstition and ignorance. That is not what the

true followers of Christ have done. I cannot believe that Jesus went to the Cross because he was afraid; if he were afraid, he would have run! Nor can I believe that Bishop Polycarp, John Hus, and Michael Servetus were burned at the stake because they were superstitious. I cannot believe that St. Francis of Assisi underwent severe hardship because he was ignorant. Nor can I believe that Martin Luther challenged the entire hierarchy of the Church because he was afraid. I cannot believe that Albert Schweitzer—one of the greatest of all men living today, a man of many talents and great intelligence—has devoted his life to the service of his fellow men because he is afraid or superstitious or ignorant. Nor can I believe that Martin Luther King and others like him rish their lives on behalf of human dignity and equality for all men because they are afraid.

It makes quite a difference, when you come to judge Christianity, as to at whom you are looking. Let's be fair! Let's look at Christ when we judge Christianity. Let's set our sights on the Founder!

Admittedly the Church includes many people who believe and who are members for the wrong reasons; so does every organization. There are students who go to college for the wrong reasons. This does not mean that college has no value; rather, it means that some students do not understand what is the real purpose of an education. One reason why some college students get fed up with the churches is that they have identified Christianity with some form of that religion which I would find equally abhorrent. One reason why some faculty members have nothing to do with the Church is that they have equated it with some brand which I find equally distasteful.

Honor your minds! Use your mind as rigorously in religion as you would in every other area of experience. Do not believe or disbelieve in God because of fear or ignorance or superstition. Do not believe or disbelieve because somebody told you to believe that way. Work these problems through for yourself as intelligently as you know how. "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy mind."

THE WORLD is in the midst of an intellectual revolution. The old certainties in religion are gone; the only certainty now is that there is no certainty. The age of scepticism is here to stay—and the trend is irreversible. *Either the Church must reinterpret her beliefs and make them meaningful in terms of the intellectual revolution of our day or we might as well discard them, for the world is no longer listening to our pious parroting. We need today the kinds of Christians who will love God with all their minds—who will seek for truth regardless of where that search may lead. This is Christianity at its best—Christianity as it was meant to be.*

Second, the charge of moral regress. Yes, there have been Holy Wars, inquisitions, slavery; there ought not to have been. Yes, there is racial discrimination and segregation practiced in the churches; there ought not to be. When we look at the life of Jesus, then we see moral progress—progress of such great magnitude that it leaves his followers, even the best of them—lagging far behind. Surely the story of the Good Samaritan should convince us that it is not the one who wears his religion as a badge on his shoulder, but the one who shows compassion for his fellow men, who is the true follower of Christ. We Christians ought to be at the forefront on the moral and social issues of our day. We ought to speak out, sit in, kneel in, and lead rather than follow. This is what we ought to do!

The trouble with the Church today is that it is made up of human beings like you and me—human beings who find it easier to be spectators rather than participants—who would rather be descriptive "has been" Christians than normative idealistic ones. This point came with renewed force to me recently at a college student religious conference that I was attending. A student from the Near East was giving his views on Christianity; lo and behold, he sounded like another Bertrand Russell. Then I learned that the only Christianity that he knew was the Christianity that was being practiced by Christians where he lived.

THIS IS OUR CHALLENGE. Wherever we go and whatever we are doing, if we bear the label Christian, we are being loyal or disloyal

to Christ. As our text from Scripture puts it:

> Now what use is it, my brothers, for a man to say he 'has faith' if his actions do not correspond with it? Could that sort of faith save anyone's soul? If a fellow man or woman has no clothes to wear and nothing to eat, and one of you say 'Good luck to you, I hope you'll keep warm and find enough to ear', and yet give them nothing to meet their physical needs, what on earth is the good of that? Yet that is exactly what a bare faith without a corresponding life is like—useless and dead. . .Yes, faith without action is as dead as a body without a soul.

What we need today are not the kinds of Christians about whom Bertrand Russell has written; we need the kinds of Christians who truly love their fellow men and seek to serve them. Ernest Gordon, Dean of the Chapel at Princeton, in his recent book, *Through The Valley of The Kwai,* tells of his experiences in the Second World War in a prison camp in the jungles of Thailand amid conditions of indescribable brutality and degradation. In the midst of this, hundreds of desperate men found a life with meaning and purpose. How they found it, Dean Gordon says, is best expressed in these words by an unknown poet:

> I sought my soul, but my soul I could not see;
> I sought my God, but my God eluded me;
> I sought my brother—and I found all three.

It was through serving their fellow men—the enemy as well as their fellow prisoners—that they found meaning to life. Dean Gordon goes on to say:

> When men learn that, it will change their lives as it did ours. It could change the world.

And I say that when Christians learn that, then Bertrand Russell's

charges will no longer hurt and our world will be changed. Many of you have read Alan Paton's novel, *Cry The Beloved Country*, the magnificent story of the racial problem in the Union of South Africa. Do you remember the place where the Negro priest Kumalo, knowing how the white people had abused his people for so long, and knowing that the day of reckoning is coming, says:

> I have but one great fear in my heart, that one day when they (the white people) are turned to loving, they will find we are turned to hating.

Is this not our great concern, that the churches will continue to be so preoccupied with the husks and trappings and the tinsel and wrappings of religion that they will miss the very thing that should have come first—the love of God and man? And then it may be too late!

The world is in the midst of a tremendous social revolution. The old status quo is being smashed to pieces. What we so desperately need today are the kinds of Christians who know that to treat their fellow men—every one of them—the way that they themselves want to be treated is the only kind of human relationship that is really worth while. We need the kinds of Christians who will seek to eliminate all man-made barriers that separate us one from another and who will be untiring in their efforts to promote human freedom and justice. For, we know that no man can be free until every man is free; and no man can have dignity until every man has dignity.

Walter Rauschenbusch, one of the great leaders of the social gospel earlier in this century, once wrote a little book called *Dare We Be Christians?* It is only fifty-two pages long. But it makes up in quality what it lacks in quantity; for, it thrusts at us a question which we dare not ignore:

> Dare we be Christians?
> Dare we use our intelligence as best we can and think through

the ultimate issues of life to answers that will be meaningful and honest to us?
Dare we love our fellow men—all of them?
Dare we be Christians?

This is our mission—our calling—our responsibility.

Rise up, O men of God;
The Church for you doth wait;
Her strength unequal to her task;
Rise up, and make her great.

BLESSINGS

By Paul H. Dyal

Our blessings come
in unseen ways;
Each kindness done
our God repays.
Though years elapse
and fortune strays,
Our good returns
and stays and stays!

(Reprinted with permission of the author from GOOD BUSINESS, October, 1964)

A VENTURE IN FELLOWSHIP

IF ONE EXPRESSION can characterize the experiences of Dr. William Hung, President of Fellowship in Prayer, and Executive Secretary Kathryn Brown as they traveled West on a speaking trip in November, it is "joy—grateful joy."

Reporting on their trip as they returned, they stressed the joy they experienced in renewing old acquaintances and meeting new friends. And the enthusiastic response to their appearances and addresses in Chicago, Indianapolis and California was proof that they brought as well as received joy. After each of his seven addresses, delivered with humor and authority on the themes of Confucianism and prayer, listeners urged the speedy return of Dr. Hung. Miss Brown's talks with friends on the goals and functions of Fellowship in Prayer likewise stimulated much interest.

During his six years as Executive Secretary of Fellowship in Prayer—the first six years of the fellowship—Mr. Carl Allison Evans looked toward the day when occasional field trips would be possible. This recent venture was the most extended yet arranged, and it is hoped that other trips can follow. Dr. Hung and Miss Brown share the firm conviction that they were under God's guidance at all times on the journey, as all plans were fulfilled and at each stop gracious friends were on hand to meet and assist them.

AMONG THE MOST heartening events of the trip—in addition to the pleasure of individually sharing thoughts with most kind hosts and hostesses—was the strong interest evident among groups of all kinds to Dr. Hung's message on prayer. After each talk many stayed long to ask questions and discuss various points.

A highlight of the trip, the Fellowship spokesmen reported, was the enthusiastic response of College students to Dr. Hung's addresses. Instead of the flippancy and irresponsibility so often said of American

youths, there was much evidence of deep, serious thought. They quoted one student: "This may change my whole outlook on life." To this, Miss Brown later commented: "Our trip would have been entirely worth while just to have a share in inspiring such a bright and earnest youth to pray and to seek God's guidance."

This trip was largely possible through the donation of valuable time by Dr. Hung, now retired from his duties at Harvard University but far from inactive. The Fellowship is indeed grateful for his inspiration and leadership.

As Miss Brown summarized the journey, the "inspiring encouragement" met everywhere proved that the Fellowship, though still small, stands on a firm foundation and is moving in the right direction.

NOTICES and COMMENTS

MERRY CHRISTMAS! The staff and officers of FIP hereby extend wishes to all in our growing fellowship for a blessed Christmas seasons. The year past has been one filled with problems, but more, of most enduring enduring joys. Probably the most gratifying event of the year has been the continuing realization that so many of the friends of long-standing remain true in their support and encouragement...and the thrill of meeting and getting to know new friends.

GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS. Have you considered a subscription (or subscriptions) to our bimonthly as a gift to that friend or group not yet acquainted with our fellowship?

CHRISTMAS CARDS. Because of the speaking trip and other activities we were not able to get out a new Christmas card this year. We do, however, have some of last year's cards available at the following prices: Fifteen for $3.50; twenty-five for $4.90; fifty for $9.75; seventy-five for $14.60 and one hundred for $18.45.

I HAVE A DREAM. The article *I Have a Dream* by Martin Luther King, appearing on the first page of our October issue, produced both favorable and unfavorable criticism, some suggesting that FIP has become a political publication. This, of course, is *far remote* from our thinking. We believe Dr. King's motives to be honest and sincere; and it was gratifying to find that just as our quotation from one of his most memorable addresses went into circulation in our bimonthly, the Nobel Committee recognized his efforts in behalf of understanding and brotherhood by awarding him the 1964 Nobel Peace Prize. Our purpose is to promote the practice of prayer among *all* religious faiths...regardless of race, creed or color...that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

SPECIAL MENTION. Fellowship in Prayer and Dr. William Hung, our President, were prominently mentioned in a lead editorial in the November 25 issue of *The Christian Century,* the country's leading ecumenical weekly. We are pleased to refer our readers to the editorial.

A PORTRAIT. Our very talented artist and advisor, Helen Dudley Young of Southern California, has drawn from a photograph a beautiful picture of Carl Allison Evans, the founder of Fellowship in Prayer. The artist has brought out the strong characteristics of Mr. Evans and those who have seen it, express admiration and gratitude for this magnificent piece of art. Our President and Executive Secretary met Helen for the first time in Long Beach early in November, though she has been a member of our Fellowship since 1950 and later an advisor. Dr. Hung carried the picture carefully on and off the planes and it will be hung in the Fellowship office. We will have more to say about this in a later issue.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. FIP is published six times a year at the rate of $3.00. Special rates are available for additional copies.

FELLOWSHIP ADVISORS

EASTERN ZONE: Elisabeth Achelis, Mrs. Samuel Chamberlain, Florence S. Dustin, Mrs. Bennie Caroline Hall, Mrs. William Hung, Mrs. David William Jones, Olga Lamkert, Georgia H. Marin, Mrs. Kenneth B. Park.

SOUTHERN ZONE: Mrs. Emily Sargent Councilman, Mrs. Arthur R. Kutch.

CENTRAL ZONE: Katherine L. Beech, Karl W. Frey, Mrs. David William Harris, Harry Halsey Starrett, Mrs. J. H. Titus.

WESTERN ZONE: Mrs. Velta Myrle Allen, Mrs. Zelma S. Dennis, Henry J. Gernhardt, Roy Wallace Thomas, Mrs. Helen Dudley Young.

FOREIGN ZONE: Prof. Mohammed F. M. Awad, Ph.D. *(Cairo, Egypt),* Emilie, Lady Coote *(England),* Prof. A. N. Molina *(Philippines),* S. R. Shafaq *(Iran),* Dr. Teh-yao Wu *(Taiwan)* Dr. C. H. Yeang *(Malaya).*

ADVISOR-AT-LARGE: Mrs. Marion Mills Preminger.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Mildred Long
Francis Merchant
Carla Patsuris
Swami Ritajananda
Roy Wallace Thomas
Harry Halsey Starrett
W. J. Thompson

TRUSTEES and OFFICERS

William Hung, *President;* Mrs. Thomas M. Taylor, *Vice President;* Gordon Belding, *Vice President;* Frederic Snyder, *Vice President;* Peter Van Keuren Funk, *Trustee;* Edwiene Schmitt, *Trustee;* J. E. Thompson, *Treasurer;* Kathryn G. Brown, *Executive Secretary;* Neil Mellblom, *Editor.*

Fellowship in Prayer
22 East 29th Street
New York 16, N. Y.

Date.....

I enclose $....in payment of a subscription to FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER for.....year (s), and $....toward furthering the work. May God add His blessing!

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

THOUGH I KNOW NOT WHAT YOU CALL HIM

I know there is a constant Grace
A Glory and a Purpose going on
With evidence of love if we but look...
And if there are such as these
Let us become co-creators now
With the One, the Ever-Holy Thou

The Alpha-Omega-Genesis...
While we, the followers people emulate,
Fathom time's untamed bewilderments
Orienting ambiance of things
For journey's transit; for passenger-souls
Travelling glad to found-goals.

— Carla Patsuris

Fellowship in Prayer
22 East 29th Street
New York 16, N. Y.